

A N
 A N S W E R
 T O
 Old Doctor Wild's New Poem,
 T O H I S
 O L D F R I E N D,
 U P O N T H E
 N E W P A R L I A M E N T.

1779
 By Grand-Syre Gray-beard, the Younger.

THUS 'tis to stand Condemn'd by rigorous Fate
 To the vile Plague of a Poetick Pate :
 The Itch of Rhyming where it once does seize,
 Becomes a more Incurable Disease
 Than Pox or Scurvey : Harder 'tis to rout
 WILD's Scribling humour, than to Charm his Gout.
 An Old Man's twice a Child, I heard folks say,
 But never more, than when he would seem Gay,
 And does with Jingling Hobby-horses play :
 When sprightly Fancy's gone, the doting Bungler
 Mounts the brisk Muse, but proves an errant Fumbler ;
 Gets only Puling Verse, languid and thin,
 Not to be call'd a Birth, but Southerkin.
 Sorry dull Puns, and Nauseating Quibbles,
 Worse than old Crab-i'th-wood, or Belman Scribbles.

Just so *Sir Limber-ham* that scarce can crawl,
 Will on his *Venus*; and his *Cupids* call;
 And drains *Five hundred Pieces* from his Purse
 To keep a *Miss*, when more he wants a *Nurse*.
 But tell me *Reverend Songster*! was it fit
 Thy *Doctorship* should thus the *Pulpit* quit,
 To Revel in such *Babylonish Wit*?
 Thy very Friends when they thy Poem scan,
 Say only ---- *He's a Towardsly old Man*.
 Though thou forgot'st thy *Calling*, *Age*, *Degree*,
 This *Subject* sure should curb thy *Levity*
 To treat of *PARLIAMENTS* at such a rate,
 In *fulsom Metaphors* of *Billings-gate*,
 Before th' *August Illustrious Senate* come,
 And straight *turn up*, (sans shame,) thy *Aged Bum*
 Deserves a *Lash* from the *Black Rod* at least
 To make th' *Old Baby* smart for the lewd Jest,
 Amongst so many *Olds* as thou dost trace,
 'Tis strange the *Good Old Cause* obtain'd no place.
 Then *Poor Dissenter* bravely might *Ascend*
 Into a *Pulpit* from the *Tables end*,
 And *Hold forth* Godly *Sonnets* to his Friend.

We all are *joy'd* at present *Face of Things*,
 And thank both *Heav'n's kind Influence*, and the *Kings*;
ROMES Vultures, nor the *Gallick Cocks* we fear,
 Safe in our watchful *Eagles* Royal Care:
 Yet love not to *run mad*, and *Dance the Hay*,
 As *stung* (like thee) with a *Tarantula*:
 Who e're thy *greazie Tale* of *Pork* does view,
 Suspects thee for the *By-blow* of a *few*.
 Thy *Grandam* when she *burnt th'old Stock*, was cruel,
 Not *Bees* but *Wasps* deserve to be made *Fewel*:
 Good *Housewives* do not think her *Method safe*,
 To *Drive* is better than to *Burn* by half;

But these *Wild Sallies* do too plainly show,
 Thou dost but *Cackle* when thou thoughtst to *Crow*.
 Treating of Richest *Robes of State*, and *Ermin*,
 Thou just like some *Pot-Poets* Cozen German
 Bethinks thee of th'own *thred-bare Cloaths & Vermin*.
 Then cry'st to *Longlane* with them-*New* put on;
 Sweet Sir! 'tis *timely* thought of, may't be done.
 But best make haste ere *Ketches Wardrobe's* gone.
 Thinkst thou (WILD as thou art!) such *Language* meet
 T'approach the Sovereign *Legislative Seat*?
 Pardon *Great Senate*! that his Phrensy drew
 Me to the *Rudeness* here of naming You.
 The *haughtiest Subjects* tremble when they come
 To Your *Just Barr*, and dread th' *Impartial Doom*.
 Fair *Copy* of Heavens Policy! the same
Idea that rules the *Uniuersal Frame*,
 VVhere *Nobles*, as the *Fixed Stars* do shine
 In Honours Firmament; And Rays Divine
 From *Reverend Fathers* of the Church are spread,
 To strike both *Schism* and *Superstition* dead.
 Next, *Sages of the Law*, as *Planets* trace
 Their *Circuits*, to enliven in each place
 Those needful *ACTS* which here are fram'd, and deal
 Distributive *Justice* for the Publick weal.
 Then *COMMONS* as full *Constellations*, joyn,
 And their *Wise Councils* solemnly Combine,
 VVhilst *Sacred Majesty* incircled round
 VVith Native Glory, as the *Sun*, is found
 Beaming his *Acts of Grace* so free and bright;
 That all from *Him* borrow both *Heat* and *Light*.
Healing Assembly! whensoe're you meet,
 The Peoples *Choice*, and the *KINGS Wishes* greet:
 Their *Liberties*, His *Honour*, You mantain,
 O let them ne'r be *Differenc'd* again!

In his own *proper Orb* let each *Star* move,
 Not jostling those *Below*, nor them *Above*.
 Let no *False Fires* their *dazling Beams* display,
 Nor *upstart Meteors* interrupt your way :
 All Your *Debates* let *Moderation* Calm,
 And Your *Results* become the Nations *Balm*.
 Those *little Foxes* that the Land Defile,
 And seek our *Vine* and *Tender Grapes* to spoil,
 Unkennel them; and let *ROMES Conclave* see,
 In vain they *PLOT*, whilst You our *Guardians* be.
 May *Heaven* all Your *Consultations* Bless,
 And all *Good Men* pray for your wisht *Success*.

*But our Old Buifie Rhymer we shall lose,
 Who Hawks and Kites, and blind Buzzards pursues;
 Until at last like a Bewildred Folt-head,
 His Muse has all her Borrowed Feathers moulted.
 Age makes all stoop---How fast the Man descends?
 Commences Doctor, and Poor Robin, Ends.*

F I N I S.
